

A
L E T T E R
 TO
Mr. SETTLE,
 Occasioned by his late
Famous Recanting
 AND
Plot-Ridiculing
NARRATIVE.

*Si dicentis erunt fortunæ absona dicta,
 Romani tollent Equites, Peditesq; cachinum.*
 Hor.

—— *Scelus intra se tacitum qui cogitat ullum
 facti crimen habet.*
 Juv.

Infelix operis summa, qui ponere totum nesciat.
 Hor.



**Printed and Sold by N. T. at the Entrance
 into the Old-Spring-Garden near Chearing-Cross, 1683.**

LETTER
MISTLE

Continued by his late

Thomas Armstrong

AND

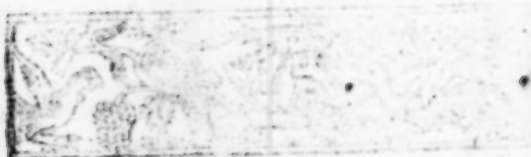
Plot-Ridiculing
NARRATIVE

Hor.

Hor.

Juv

Hor.



Printed and Sold by W. A. at the Entrance
into the City of London, 1822.

A

LETTER

TO

Mr. SETTLE,

OCCASIONED

By His late FAMOUS Recanting Narrative.

S I R,

THE News of your much admired, and (after a long continued course in perverse disobedience,) as little expected *Recantation*, no sooner approach'd my willing Ears, but straight it fill'd me with all the joy that may be supposed to attend the return of a *Prodigal*; and fir'd my Expectations with an impatient desire of seeing, what my curiosity (soon afterwards) led me to, your so much talk'd of *Narrative*.

And truly, when I perceiv'd that it came not mask'd, like its Elder Brothers, formerly got whilst your Soul haunted after infamous and Ignoble extravagancies; and drop'd into the World ugly and deform'd, mark'd with what your then excentrick Soul long'd after, (*viz.*) Mischief and Rebellion, when I saw the Sanction of your name had removed the fear and scandal of its being left upon the Parish, I promis'd my self (besides the charming sweetness of polite Sense, and smooth Eloquence, which may be expected from so Famous an Author,) not only a sincere, ingenious, (and in some sort reasonable) Apology for abandoning so long the Loyal Party, or rather your own Conscience and Duty, but also a full and satisfactory relation of all the Transactions, (or, to term them right) Rebellious practices of that Faction, whose quarrel you so long unhappily espoused:

And tho' I must confess, that as to the former, I met with some satisfaction, yet not as much as I am willing to persuade my self your Abilities could indulge me : The two last came much short of answering my expectations.

For first, your Apology for your Separation from the *Loyal Party* : For your being a Sworn Foe for seven long years to His *Royal Highness*, for the poison you were brewing all that while, and which you broach'd with no less design, than to enflame and ruin three Kingdoms, I mean that Scurrilous and Invective Libel (your *Character of a Popish Successor*) is so Disingenuous, and Frivolous, that a School-boy may blush, to be the Author of no better to save a Whipping.

IV. Paragraph. You cannot certainly be so stupidly senseless to flatter your self into an opinion, that any rational man can either believe, or think, That the cause of your departure from us, and your not to be paralleld in all past Ages, Inveterate Malice against His *Highness*, can be nothing else but that (as you pretend in your *Epistle Dedicatory*) illustrious Princes remanding back from the *Kings-house* your *Play* to be Acted by His own Servants, according to your Contract and Treaty made with them.

A wonderful Affront indeed ! No less than the fall of a Great Prince, and National Inflammings, were judged to be Sacrifice enough to expiate the guilt of making the great *Settle* and his Empress appear in so mean a place as the *Duke's Royal Theatre* : Had the lowliness of that Roof really depressed in any respect your towering fancy, or lessened the applause and esteem you expected ; yet it may, I hope, be presumed you ought to think twice before you dip'd your Pen in Gall, to write such malicious, and bitter things, as you have done, against a Prince, whose Vertues, and Greatness of Mind, are inferior to nothing, but your Insolent Offences, or His own Royal Clemency and Mercy, if he Pardon them. Was your Duty to the Royal Brother, and Heir Apparent of your King, to last no longer, than you were warmed by his Graces ? Shall the slime and mud always expect the Suns kinder influence, and never endure his more scorching heats, without flying up presently to Eclipse his Glory ?

But let us suppose you had met with any of those Beasts, amongst whom you have been used to herd your self, that might incline your easie nature to believe, that the grounds of this pretended, and very arrogant quarrel, with His *Royal Highness*, was just, yet we may expect you would be more tender of the Publick Peace, than to endeavour, as much as in you lay, to engage Nations to revenge your private suppos'd Injuries, and that you would be more mindful of your Duty, than to design that malevolent aspect, with which you look'd ascheiw on the *Duke*, should

should have the same influence on His Majesty, and His Loyal Subjects, in promoting indifferently the ruine and desolation of all.

Let not your Thoughts raise you above an ordinary pitch of vain-glory; because, as all other Treasonable and Seditious Libells did in those days, that eternal monument of your Infamy, relish'd well with the Luxuriant people of *England*. Men that are debauch'd with too much Ease, Liberty and Plenty, forget their own Happiness, and infected with a sort of Green-sickness of the mind, greedily swallowing dirt and ashes, refuse good and wholesome meats. The Long-ear'd Rout always prone to Sedition and easie to Rebel, greedily imbibed your Malicious and Rebellious Insinuations, and were highly valued by them, when the Laws both of Heaven and Earth, of God and man were rejected. The unthinking things sported themselves with your pretty Niceties, and appearances of Truth, 'till they swallowed by wholesale Errors, for these Fishes admired the glittering Bait, without discerning the fatal Hook it covered, 'till since too many found it fastened in their Bowels: All was ram'd down unchew'd, with your dreadful Alarums of Fire and Fagot, and *Smithfield* Piles, and brought up again with what (had it obtained the desired effects) had proved of as fatal a consequence to the Government, and establish'd Laws of these Nations (*viz.*) Petitioning His Majesty to exclude the Lawful Heir, to disenable him for ever wearing the Imperial Crown; which was to turn this Hereditary into an Elective Monarchy, in short, to make the best of Kings meaner than any of His Rebellious Subjects, of whom he must always hold His Crown; and all this to keep out *Popery*, and Persecutions, those Bugbears with which you frightened all the Children and Fools in the Nation.

Now then expect not to sham us off with a ridiculous story of being animated and stir'd up against *His Highness*; by what you have your self, and all the World must confess, was but an instance of the greatest Justice: *Epistle Dedicatory.*
IV.
Paragraph.

If you would have us not suspect that your *Recanting Narrative* is rather the Child of Cunning and Design, than of True Repentance, or real kindness to the Royal Party; and that you give us this inconsiderable stake to draw, that you may the better sweep the Board afterwards, deal ingeniously with the World; and tell who they were that raised those storms in your breast, with which you made no doubt to shake the very foundations of the Government; tell who they were that thus raised you above your ordinary level, and brought an *Egyptian* Plague on our Nations, by being wiser than the *Magicians* of old in enlivening such dust to fly in the face of Princes, and to crawl on Purple,

The presumption of impunity is the great Nurse of disorder, and relying too much upon mercy (I wish it may not be your case) makes men often bring such oblations, as rather enhance than lessen their guilt, and by laying too much stress upon that Plank to save themselves from Shipwrack, they sink both it and themselves, and so find a Gulf where they expected an Ark. Can you expect His Royal Highness should look upon you with bowels of mercy and compassion, for a bare *penitent* and then a *Miserere mei*, when they come not usher'd with such circumstances as might convince him that your repentance is real. For to make this confession, and yet conceal the motives that induced you to stay away so long, what your encouragements were, who your chief Benefactors, and Task-Masters, looks like rushing upon Justice, and making the utmost Tryal whether that Prince can be provoked or no.

You have been the Author without all peradventure, of many mischievous Libels, besides your damnable *Character of a Popish Successor*. For, tho' it was below the Muses, mid-wifery, and the dignity of a Poet, your mercenary *Minerva* always waited upon the malevolent Spirits, whose turbulent Souls were in Travel with mighty deeds of wickedness, as their *Lucina Juno*, to light their horrid Monsters of Treason, and Rebellion into the World.

In the place
before quoted.

By your own confession you passed under the Umbrage of a Popular Champion, and we are all satisfied you have been privy to the most secret Councils of the *Hellish Cabals*. Therefore we expected in your *Narrative* a relation of the blackest deeds acted there, which your former constitution carried least repugnance too; we expected you would gratify the World with something that was new, and not before known. Who thought to find you lighting a Candle to the Sun, or rather dusting faces that were too dirty, and black before; we are weary of hearing *Oates's Villany*, and the numerous Perjuries of all the Swearing Tribe: The displaying these dunghills so often, is become nauseous to all men. *Occidit miseris cramberepetita Magistrat*. Alas who doubted that *Oates*, *Bedlow*, *France*, and many more that were the reproach and scandal of man-kind, frequently swore contradictions, and that many impossibilities were sworn at the Tryal of *Plunket*, * *Titus* and the *Doctor* were once so honest to make this ingenious and true confession themselves. * You say the *Plot* writ the *Association*; that we believe, but 'twas the *Plotters* names we expected from you. You

* In *Oates's*
Manifesto.

Epistle de-
dicatory
4th. Para.

8th. Para.

tell us that many that bawl'd lowdest for the preservation of His Majesty's person against *Plots* and *Popish Swords*, are the numerical persons that scandalized His Majesty with *Popishly* affected; since you make no mention of their names, and their respective abodes, you do no more than what the *Observer* has been hammering into our Brains for many days, and what we all know as well as that King *James* is dead.

So that we plainly see your anger with that Party, you would perswade us you have left, is a wind that blows but one way, down the hill only, upon those amongst em that are below, upwards it breaths gentler gales; You claw off those that are already levelled with the earth, without as much as touching upon any one of the Diabolical *Machines* that are still standing, and secretly undermining both *Church* and *State*.

Come mighty *Settle*, after encountering Princes (like the *Roman Souldier*) scorn with such *Slaves* as these to fight, fully not your self with trampling upon this Rubbish, let scorn secure the low *Furs* from your thunder, which formerly was levelled at the Royal *Cedar*, disdain (after that great game) to quarry on any thing less than the chief of that Party you abandoned; at these unflexible (yet standing) *Oaks* let your swift lightning fly. Tell us who have been the grand disturbers both of *Church* and *State*, the great first movers formerly, and at present, the Springs and Wheels that give life and motion to all Seditious Tumults; discover the pernicious Designs and Stratagems used by those *Emissaries* of *Satan* for subverting the Government, with the ways and means by which such sinister and wicked Designs, were, and are still prosecuted, with what else, (which of necessity must fall within your knowledge,) that for some years past, disturbed the Peace of these unhappy Countreys.

Perswade not your self, that what you here read, flew from a malicious design, or a suggestion of envy for your seeming return, or from the fear of your being received with more joyful welcomes than my self, like the Prodigals Brother that stay'd at home. I declare, there is no man this day in *England* would rejoyce more for the Conversion of so great a Sinner, than my self; however I would have the People remember the prudent advice given to the *Athenians* by a person, *That bid 'em be very sure Philip was dead, before they expressed their joy at his death, lest they may find him still alive.* I would not have the Fatted Calf kill'd to welcome you home, before you satisfy the World, that you are a true Convert, lest one day it may appear that your return was only for a second venture to go abroad with again.

The greatest men in *England* you tell us have your sins to answer for; These are the men we would willingly be made acquainted with: 'Tis below *Domitian* to lye tormenting Flies, when he may have such Game as that to Chase. Detect the secret and crooked measures they take; let not their greatness, and Villanies move any longer like *Ezekiels* Wheels one within another, that protecting this, this promoting that.

I do not all this while condemn your *Narrative* for any thing that is, but rather for what is not handled in it. For I believe there is no man will deny, but that for so much it may boast of as many good remarks as any thing of that nature that has been writ. Yet surely you must needs think we are jealous that you have not a real kindness for us, when you do not tell where consists the strength of your once beloved *Sampsons*. This poor account from so knowing a man in all their Intrigues as your self, looks rather like a design to betray than secure us, to make us believe that knowing enough we may rest satisfied without a further enquiry; whereas the greatest matters, and what are of more importance to be known, are still left in the dark: At the approach of a *Whale*, Seamen are wont to throw out their empty Casks for that *Leviathan* to sport himself with, whilst they sail securely by without the fear of Shipwrack; it may be wished, you have not Play'd the Politick Pilote here, and that, to escape the danger which Justice and the Law threatens your whole Party with, and to avert the just indignation of the great *Leviathans* of State, you have given 'em this empty nothing to play withall; for such I may call it in respect of what was expected from you.

IX.
Paragraph.

You told us you would bid adieu to the Plot, and that you would draw the Picture of that *Wonder-working Prodigy*, as you term'd it. This put us in expectation of something extraordinary, and never before known, but we soon found the performances as mean as the promises were great. *Amphora capis infusis, currente rota cur urceus exit.* What alter'd your resolution? What made that Lightning go out in Snuff.

Now then if you would have us believe you were in earnest, draw *Monster-Plot* in all her frightful circumstances, Paint her large territories with all her Spots and Blemishes in their true and lively colours, draw her surrounded and courted by the numerous trains of her chiefest as well *Fanatical* as *Popish* Attendants, draw all this so lively, and with so much sincerity, that no room may be left for saying, — *Parcit cognatis maculis similis fera.* Flatter not the Beast by hiding any of her Deformities, or by painting her (as the Modest *Apelles* did *Venus*) to the Waste only.

Ibid.

We can't be satisfied with your telling us, *The Plot is made the Tool for all mischief, and that it furnishes all the Fuel for Dissensions and Disorders, the great Incendiaries of the World*, unless you also tell us who the persons are that work with this Tool, and make use of that Fuel to put three Kingdoms into distractions.

When you have done this, and made such Discoveries as shall enable us to Counter-Plot our Enemies, to frustrate all their Hopes and

and mar their Designs, when you inform us who they are that were of that Gigantick insolence to make war with their *Jupiter*, that the *Cyclops-Giants* may perish by their own Lightning, fall by their own evil Inventions; then we will entertain Charity enough to believe you come not like *Pandora's Box* with a Painted out-side, plausible pretences, but inwardly full of Disasters, and Pestilence, Malice and Treacherous Designs against us. You may then, and not before, expect to be Crown'd with the rewards of a sincere and hearty Penitent.

And that you may see I am so far from envying, that I wish you that Happiness, I made bold (presuming that you Wits have usually Treacherous Memories) to be your remembrancer of the following Interrogatories, to which your True and Candid Answers will conduce something to the performance of what is before reasonably required, and it may be presumed no small motive to many Loyal persons to intercede for you, and to endeavour to obtain a thorough Reconciliation for you to His *Royal Highness*. This will help to close the Breaches you bountifully contributed to widen, and to restore Peace and Tranquility and her *Haleyon* days to these long disquieted Nations.

Query I.

Who drew up the Forged Commissions in the Duke of York's Name that were transmitted into Ireland in March 79. ? By whom were they lodged in an Old Wall in the County of Corke, there to be found by Egan, alias Fitz-Gerald a Franciscan-Fryer ? Who were the Projectors of so much Villany ? How many were there Privy to it ? What was their Names, and where their respective places of Aboad ?

Query II.

What did the Protestant Peers (as they stil'd themselves) design by drawing up the Grievances of the Irish Papists, and sending their beloved Protestant Duke to present them to the House of Lords in the very height of the Prosecution of the Popish Plot ; and when all that adher'd to the King were Voted to be Popishly Affected : The Mystery of that ? And what else you know Material relating to it ?

Query III.

Query III.

What have been the Debates at your Private Consultations about the Murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, after Bedloe Swore one Story, and had 500 l. giving Prance 30 l. for a quite contrary Story, which hanged three men for that Murder? How came the Ignoramus Brother of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey to be of a Jury that gave Credit to the Testimony of Fitz-Harris, and who thereupon found a Bill against the Earl of Danby for the same Murder? How came they to be so kind to Prance, who was (by his own Confession) one of the Murderers of that unhappy Gentleman? Was it not (after they Credited Prance, Bedloe, and Fitz-Harris who Swore Diametrically oppsite one to the other) to wheedle him to make that Protestation, in which he declared, That whatever he deposed upon Oath, relating either to his own Knowledge and concurrence in the said Murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, or to any person or Circumstance touching the same, in the whole, and every part thereof was False, and the meer groundless product of his own Devilish Invention. I say, was it not in order to do what was yet more Diabolically wicked, the strengthening Heynes his Treasonable Testimony who was to swear, The Tall-black man (meaning the King) in that Murder; Haynes himself having since confessed, That he was Suborned; This Riddle expounded, would very acceptable to all Loyal Subjects.

Query IV.

Who were the Inventers of the Meal-Tub-Plot? How many were concerned? How far were you acquainted with that Intrigue? The unfolding of which, with all the passages of the Raree-show, will be every grateful to all Honest and Good-men.

Query V.

Who invented the Story of the Black-Box? What measures were taken to promote that Stratagem? Who were the Chief Managers of that Sham?

Query VI.

Query VI.

Who Writ the two Answers to the Kings Declaration of the Illegitimacy of the Duke of Monmouth? Who were the Authors of Vox Populi, Vox Patriæ, the Intercepted Letter to Mr. L. Strange, Fitz-Flarys's Treason-In-Grain, the Growth of Popery 1, 2, and 3, Parts? How many of these will you Father your self?

Query VII.

How far does the Association found in your Old-Aderf-gate-street-Patrons Closet, with the Persons principally concerned, come within your knowledge? What was the design of sending it to the Brownists-Church in Amsterdam in January 80. and into Ireland about the same time? Who carried it? To Whom in Ireland was it sent? By whose Directions was it sent hence? Name the Persons.

Query VIII.

What Measures have been taken in London during the sitting of the Parliament at Oxford? what Armed-men were there appointed to March to Oxford under pretence of Guarding the Parliament? What was the real Design? Was it to Guard the Parliament, as pretended, or to Seale the King? Who were the Ring-leaders? Their Names? &c.

Query IX.

Who was the Author of the First, Second, and Third Parts of No Protestant Plot? How came the Libeller to have Access to Copy the Orders of Council inserted in his Libels, out of the Council-Books? Or if he had not such Access, who was his Correspondent at Court, that did it

for him, and Supplied him with Intelligence to the Betraying the Secrets of the whole Council Board.

Query X. What is become of Toomy, alias Sheldon, and the three French Hugonets that came lately from France, who Maintains these Villains? And what are they Maintained for, and under whose Tuition are they now hatching a new Plot, against the sitting of next Parliament?

Query XI.

How is Blood-Sucker-Oates, that great admirer of his dear Italian Trick, with his Life-Guard Maintain'd? Whence has he that Supply, that enables him (as he lately Bragged at White-hall) To keep a Constant Table of six or eight Dishes per Diem, with variety of all sorts of Wines? Name his Benefactors?

Query XII.

What Sums of Money has there been Collected in London for these three years past to Support those that Espoused the Cause against the King? How far were you Concern'd or Privy to such Collections? What have you Received for your Own Share each Pay-day? Who the Collectors? Who the Pay-masters? Was that Laudable Custom kept up when you came away? If not, who Abandoned that Party for want of Pay?

Now Sir, I will trouble you with no more Interrogatories, least I should (when my design is only to prompt it) seem to Arraigu your Memory beyond what I ought: Let these therefore suffice to mind you of all other things of this nature which you must needs be formerly acquainted with, and which may be of greater moment to be detected.

Let now your late Generous Resolutions teach you to leave no Stone unturned, nothing undiscovered, which by being detected may tend to the Preservation of the best of Kings, and to the settling the Peace and Tranquility of these Kingdoms.

By

By this way only you can avert from your self. Saphira's fate, who (you say) retaining one part of her unrepented sins about her, render'd her whole attonement sacrifice unacceptable: 'Tis this must secure you from having that retorted upon your self, which you seem to charge the most rigid Fanatics with, coming over to us for no other reason but to capacitate your self for an Office of Trust. This will take off the suspicion of Praying after this manner,

Epistle de-
dicatory
1st Para.

7th. Para.
Epistle De-
dicatory.

*Da mihi Vultus, da justum Sanctumque videri,
Nec de peccatis & fraudibus obsecro nocere.*

Hor. lib. 1. sat. 1.

Paraphrased.

Grant me to Play the Rogue, and Act the Saint,
Mask Plotting Whig, and Tory-like me Paint.

When all is done, and that you have detected all the execrable Plots and Machinations of our Enemies, with the Chief Promoters of our National Distractions; when you have traced out and shewn us those Secret Channels, and Meanders, where the Troublesome Streams of Sedition and Rebellion run, which so lately threatned us with an Universal Inundation. We shall then readily believe you have shaken hands with Whiggism, and be glad to see that great Prince, whom you have so highly Injured, and justly Incensed; after the Conquest of His Enemies, obtain yet a greater over Himself, in Pardoning and Forgetting your many and great Transgressions; which Sir is the Hearty Wish and Desire of

Your most Humble Servant,

W. S.

The

The Postscript.

TIs beyond all doubt that the *Answers already to that Libel*, your unhappy Character of a Popish Successor, do sufficiently convince all rational men, that the malicious suggestions and treacherous insinuations in it, (the off-springs of your sometime Distemper'd Brains,) are wide of Reason and Common-Sense; and so far from being true, that considering the nature and constitution of the Government of the English Nation, there is no likelihood, but rather on the other hand an impossibility of their ever being so.

* Sdri. m
Cal. c. 20.

However 'tis but Justice that every man should take care to lay that Devil be raised himself; your own Answer, as 'tis most proper, so it must needs be the best Amulet against the Poison that Libel has instill'd into the minds and hearts of so many Lunatick Idiots; for when they see you with * Caligula's vanquish'd Orators, Blotting out with the Tongue that utter'd them; your deservedly condemned Writings, they will begin to suspect the truth of 'em, and examine more narrowly the former Opinions they were so fond of, without the least shadow of reason. They must then surely out of meer shame (if not for Conscience sake) no longer willingly close their Eyes against the Light of Truth; nor credit what the Author himself touch'd with a deep sense of his folly, dares openly contradict and disclaim: I am persuaded your own reason informs you, that this is a duty incumbent on you, and therefore I will not press it further to you, believing also that your late Generous and Loyal Resolutions will teach you to discharge it. The drawing your Pen thus to vindicate that Great Personage from the Aspersions with which you so highly injur'd Him, will be an undeniable Argument of your unfeigned and sincere Repentance, and like Achilles's Spear, The same Weapon in some measure may heal, that gave the Wound.

As for the Remarks on your Narrative made by some malicious Fanatick, of which I had not a sight before my whole precedent Discourse had Slip'd into the Press; they should in no wise discourage or deter you from the intended due prosecution of your Duty; for every unprejudic'd person, may plainly see that they are so insufferably Silly, Absurd and Nonsensical, that there needs no more to confute 'em, but seriously to be consider'd. Pass all by then, without throwing away one good thought upon 'em. For to take upon you to satisfy his prejudic'd Soul with rational and clear Demonstrations, were to assign your self the Poets Hell, with Danaus's Daughters, To fill a Tub with Water that

that has no bottom: For he will retain nothing that seems to contradict his own perverse Opinion, as all Reason and Sense doth. Thus he would keep you at work till Dooms-day, for no Reason can be such a Lyon in his way, but his Resolution to gratify his own forward and discontented humour, will be Sampson enough to encounter. For like all other meer Animals, acting by instinct, it is plain he resolves, without any respect to Justice, Reason, or Religion to follow the dictates of his own Rebellious Nature.

But upon the whole it is very observable, that whilst you were of the Faction, this half-witted Pamphleteer could not find in his heart to Paint you in such Colours as he has now done, least (as I suppose) any Scandal might thereby incommode the Saints; but now no sooner turn'd Loyal, but he Bespatters you all over, and makes you look as black and dismal as any of those you left behind you. If you were really what he would insinuate, since the canting Brethren were privy to all your failings, 'tis a strong presumption they carried no repugnance to them because they did not expel you from their Society. But of that there was no fear, Serpentinum Mojos Concordia —

That you have been a Transgressor we must needs allow him: Because you lived so long with the Faction, without being torn away as a pestilent and unsanctified Member. However upon this your real Conversion accompanied with a true sorrow for your past faults, with steadfast immoveable resolutions never more to be concerned with any of your former Associates, farther then Christian Duty obliges you (viz.) To do every man amongst 'em right, by helping him to what he justly deserves, you may promise your self the encouragement and reward of a Penitent sinner.

As for the Popish Plot, though my Apprehensions of it are not altogether so dreadful to make me go mad for fear of Consecrated Knives, Black-bills, Jago Pilgrims, French Armies, &c. Yet I am not for exploding quite the thoughts of some Designs managed by the Roman Catholicks for promoting their own Religion, by extirpating all whom they call Hereticks, since there were many true Circumstances, tho dash'd with Contradictions, and now and then a few False-Oaths. For we know very well 'tis possible the game may be up, tho many of the eager Mongrel Whelps in the deep mouthed pack of Evidences, outrun the scent and hunted counter. But on the other hand, I would have men not be altogether upon those glowing Embers, as not to discern the Bellows that blew 'em into a flame, which is the whole design of our Pamphleteer's remarks. Let not his ridiculous stories of your breaking Windows, Whoring, &c. Nor the fear of having the worst of your faults laid open, prevent your unfolding those of the Faction Party, and your tracing out to us the crooked paths that led their greatest Matchiavels astray. For you cannot expect but all men must be satisfied you were guilty of many and great faults, when you moved as one of the Members of that Diabolical Body, tho at the same time

they may have Charity enough to believe you forced your inclinations often in pure complysance to them. The fixed Stars that are least given to change, and though it be against their Nature to stir, move with the regular motion of their respective Sphears; and to tell the Truth on't, when the whole Fashion did worse things than is now laid to your charge, it would be look'd upon as a sort of Lunacy for you to be the only jarring string in that wicked Instrument, and a madness to pretend to be Sober, when the Rebellious World about you was Drunk,

Farewel.

F I N I S.